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Belgian Children
and Other Poems



François DeRush Brown

The Belgian Children
and Other Poems

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and Other Poems

By
FRANCES DERUSH BROWN



Published by the Author

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Dedicated to
the Dear Memory of
MY FATHER AND MOTHER

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The Belgian Children

Do you hear the cry of the children, —
The children over the sea,
Starving Belgian children, crying to be fed,
Pleading — praying — crying, that you give them
bread?

This cry comes to America,
With its millions and millions of gold,
From these starving Belgian children,
Dying of hunger and cold.

These little helpless children,
God sent them from above,
Not to die of neglect and starvation,
But to fill this old world with love.

Then heed the cry of the children;
Give of your silver and gold;
Keep them from starving and dying;
Keep them from hunger and cold.

At last, when life's journey is over,
And upward you take your flight,
God will say to you if you are faithful and true,
I give you this crown of light.

This crown of light, with stars so bright,
Is worth more than millions of gold,
God gives it to all who are faithful and true
In service — kindness and love.

Old Glory

Old Glory is waving in that land over the sea,
Where our soldier boys are fighting for humanity.
It cheers and gives them courage,
When in battle they see
This emblem of freedom, this flag of the free.

Old Glory, with your colors of red, white, and blue,
To your stars and stripes
Our soldier boys are loyal and true.
Their pride is Old Glory wherever they see
This flag of their country — this flag of the free.

Then let Old Glory wave
O'er our soldier boys so brave,
Who are fighting in that land over the sea;
Their lives they willing give
That all nations may live, in peace and liberty.

Hope

Hope — for I see in the future
The dawn of a better day,
When from this earth forever
Sorrow and trouble have passed away.

Hope — and the way grows brighter,
Bright as the stars above.
Hope fills the heart with gladness,
Hope fills the heart with love.

Hope in God's promise ever,
All he has promised he will do.
God is our hope, and will lead us
All our journey through.

Hope for that glad to-morrow
When wars forever are past;
Hope for that peace that is dawning,
A peace that forever shall last.

Our Star Spangled Banner

Unfurl our Star Spangled Banner,
Let it wave o'er this land of the free, —
This emblem of liberty and freedom,
Protection for you and for me.

Our beautiful Star Spangled Banner,
With colors red, white and blue,
All who live under its protection
Should ever, to our country, prove loyal and true.

I see Uncle Sam in the future,
Waving this flag we all love
Over the warring nations,
In peace and brotherly love.

Three cheers for our Star Spangled Banner,
And three for our brave boys loyal and true,
Three cheers for America and freedom
Forever — the red, white, and blue!

Uncle Sam

Uncle Sam is democratic
And he says very emphatic,
I don't like that Hohenzollern rule, —
This tyranny and oppression
Of the weak to gain possession
Of everything in sight.

Uncle Sam is sending over there,
All the soldiers he can spare,
And these soldier boys are glad to take their chance
With the submarines at sea,
If only they can free
The people from this Hohenzollern rule.

Danger and trials they must bear
And with their Allies share
This fight for democratic rule,
Crush tyranny and oppression
And that knave who wants possession
Of the world and everything in sight.

Our soldier boys have crossed the sea
To fight for democracy;
Autocracy must be banished from this earth;
They are battling for the right
And are sure to win the fight
For freedom and democracy.

Over There

Our soldier boys are fighting over there —
Loyal, brave soldier boys they are;
They are in this fight to win,
With bombs and guns they are
Driving the Huns to Berlin.

The Huns were told the American
Soldier could not fight.
Our soldier boys have proved this statement untrue.
Until this war is over every
American soldier in sight
Will fill every Hun with terror and fright over there.

To that Army of Huns over the sea
There is no one as great as Kaiser Bill of Germany.
For murderous work well done by this army of Huns
The Kaiser gives a little Iron Cross,
And these loyal Huns keep fighting on.

To the allied armies it must be
A pleasing sight to see
The Huns filled with terror and fright
From the bombs and guns of our soldier boys,
The Huns on their homeward hike.

Our soldier boys are over there to stay
Until the world is safe for democracy;
They are going to Berlin,
And the stars and stripes with colors bright
Will wave from the Imperial Palace in Berlin.

Dawn

Dawn —

Draws the veil of darkness,
Every living thing awakes
To — a new day with the
Coming of the dawn.

Dawn —

The birds in their nests
Awake, preen their wings ready for flight,
With the coming of the dawn.

Dawn —

And the sleeping flowers awake,
Lifting their pretty heads
Up for the drops of dew
That sparkle in the early dawn.

Peace

With whistles blowing — bells ringing,
Mingled with joyful voices crying Peace! Peace!
Everyone thrilled with joy and gladness,
For they knew the war was over, over there.

The peace we had hoped for,
The peace we had prayed for
Came with the dawning of the day —
This cry echoed through all the world,
Peace on earth, the war is over,
Peace for all mankind!

Peace for all the nations of the earth,
What joyful news it must be
To the nations ruled by might and power,
In that land over the sea,
To know that the war is over,
That militarism and terror
Never more shall reign!
Peace on earth, the war is over,
Peace and liberty for all mankind!

Our Heroes

Scatter flowers, beautiful flowers
Over the graves of our heroes.
Every one was loyal and true,
Dying for humanity,
Heroes brave and true.

Scatter roses, lilies and violets,
Blossoms of every color and hue;
Weave them into garlands
For the graves of our heroes, —
Heroes loyal and true.

Mothers gave in sorrow and tears
These heroes to the country they love.
They know they will meet their loved ones again
In that beautiful home above.

Scatter garlands of fragrant blossoms over their graves,
This is all that we can do,
And keep in memory as long as life shall last
These heroes who died for you.

Beautiful City of Light

I dreamed of that beautiful city,
That city of beauty and light
Where darkness never enters its portals,
The radiance of God is the light.

I wandered through the streets of the city,
Through an ever changing scene
Of beautiful homes where God's children dwell
In that beautiful city of light.

Through beautiful parks with crystal fountains,
Where cooling waters flow,
Trees laden with fragrant blossoms
Seemed everywhere to grow,
Birds among these blossoms, a joyous happy throng,
Were merrily singing their joyful happy songs.

On and on I wandered,
Filled with pleasure and delight,

As I gazed on gardens of lovely flowers
With colors glowing bright.
On and on I wandered in
That beautiful city of light.

All God's children looked so happy,
Their faces beamed with light;
All sorrow and trouble had passed away,
When they entered that city of light.

I dreamed of that beautiful city,
That city of beauty and light
Where darkness never enters its portals;
The radiance of God is the light.

The Earth

God created this earth for his children,
All this vastness and grandeur sublime;
God's love and care for his children on earth
Will last throughout all time.

This earth with its grand stately forests,
Its high towering mountains and hills,
Meadows green with beautiful wild flowers,
The cattle upon a thousand hills.

Earth with its beautiful valleys,
With brooks and streams sparkling bright,
Winding in and out through the valleys,
Like a stream of silver light.

Earth with its seas and vast oceans,
Where the billows unceasingly roll,
The moon and stars light the deep,
When night shadows fall over the ocean deep.

God created this beautiful earth for his children,
God's love is the same as in ages past;
His thoughtful care for their
Happiness and comfort forever and ever will last.

To France

To France our soldier boys are going,
They are going over the sea to help
France in her struggle for freedom and liberty.
Liberty and freedom for all Nations!
Their battle cry will be as they
Wave our starry banner, the emblem of the free.

To France, the France that gave freedom to America.
That Nation over the sea sent
Her brave and loyal soldiers
To help America in her struggle for freedom and liberty.

To France, the birthplace of
The man all Americans honor and love —
The man no American will ever forget,
Who gave his service in a spirit
Of brotherly love for freedom's cause, — General Lafayette.

To France our soldier boys are going,
Millions brave and strong —
To help in that awful conflict,
To crush the murderous Huns.

To France! to France! all hear the cry,
As it echoes through our land,
To France to fight for humanity until victory is won!

A Vision

Through the cloud-kissed smoke of battle
I see a vision bright, —
Germany defeated,
Nevermore to fight.

The Kaiser and autocracy from this earth
Will pass away,
Through the cloud and smoke of battle
Dawns a bright and better day.

Nevermore shall kings or tyrants rule,
All nations shall be free
To dwell in freedom on this earth
In peace and liberty.

Nevermore to part from loved ones;
When this cruel war is o'er
Peace, and Joy, and Gladness shall
Reign forevermore.

With war forever banished from this earth
I hear this glad refrain,
Peace on Earth, Good Will to Man,
God, and only God shall reign!

Bright Shining Star

Stars, stars, bright shining stars,
Stars of beauty and light
Shining down from the Heaven above,
Beautiful stars of night.

Filling the earth with brightness,
Filling our hearts with love
For God's loving care for us
In giving this light from above.

Beautiful stars of night,
Like diamonds in the sky,
They glimmer and glitter, glowing with light,
Filling the earth with beauty at night.

God's lamps are ever burning
Through the long and silent night,
Filling our hearts with gladness,
Cheering us with their light.

The Fields of Light

Up in the fields of light

The Good Shepherd his loving watch keeps
Over all the earth,
Watching his sheep.

Some have gone astray,

Far, far, they roam,
Out from the shepherd's care,
Far, far, they roam.

The Good Shepherd's love and care for his sheep

Will last throughout all time,
As he patiently seeks the one gone astray
Out from the Ninety and Nine.

Out from this field of light,

The Good Shepherd is watching you,
Strive then to be — what he wants you to be —
Faithful, kindly, and true.

The Sunlit Path

The sunlit path is God-given
To all who trust in his love.
It leads to that beautiful City,
To that City of light above.

We dream of that beautiful City,
A glimpse of its beauty we see,
And we know when our work on earth is ended
In that City of Light we shall live.

Then while on this earth scatter sunshine,
Scatter it as you go.
Kind words and deeds this old world needs,
Scatter sunshine as you go.

The sunlit path will grow brighter,
Brighter as onward you go,
Courage and faith in God's goodness and love
Will lead you at last to that City above.

Only a Tramp

Only a tramp — out in the cold
Weary, hungry, and worn.
Tramping about from town to town
Homeless and all alone.
Only a tramp? Yet, back in the past
He had a mother and home.

Only a tramp, don't pass him with scorn.
Temptation came his way.
If you've never been tempted, don't censure the tramp,
Temptation may come some day.

Only a tramp — yet somewhere,
Either on earth or in heaven,
A fond mother waits for her wandering boy,
With a love that will never die
Either on earth or in heaven.

Kaiser Bill

Kaiser Bill said to his army of Knaves,
I now see a very good chance
To capture and rule England and France.
Then over the sea to the land of the free,
Where there's millions and millions of gold.
So frightened America will be
When the German army they see,
They will give up their millions of gold.

This army of Knaves all ready to fight
Started out without further delay.
Poor Little Belgium, right in their
Path, they destroyed and murdered
Women and children on their way.
Then onward they marched to France,
This murderous army of Knaves,
No thought of defeat or of retreat
Entered their poor weak minds.

Brave Joffre at the Marne, with his
Brave soldier boys, was awaiting this army of Knaves,
When a shout rang out from his
Soldier boys that echoed like a blast:
Never! no, never! the German army shall not pass.
The name of Joffre will echo down through the ages,
And in memory forever will last.
These soldier boys so loyal and brave
The German army could not pass.

Kaiser Bill stood back from the firing line,
With a mien like the Knaves of old,
Awaiting his chance to enter France
And help himself to their gold.
A cry rang out from his army of Knaves —
Not of victory but defeat.
Kaiser Bill, surprised but very wise,
Beat a hasty retreat.

In the Dawning

In the dawning of that morning
When the mist has cleared away
I shall see beyond that glory —
Glory of eternal day.

In the dawning of that morning
When I see my Savior's face
I shall see the King of Glory,
I shall see him face to face.

In the dawning of that morning
All my dear ones I shall see,
For I know that they are waiting,
Waiting there to welcome me.

In the dawning of that morning,
When I reach that other shore,
Oh, what peace, what joy, and gladness!
All life's trials now are o'er.

The Man of Galilee

In fancy I see the man of Galilee,
As he walked and talked with his disciples
In that land beyond the sea.
In his kindly face I see his love for all humanity,
This perfect man — this man of Galilee.

This man of Galilee no mortal now can see,
But if you listen you will hear his voice,
And he will say to you: There is work for you to do,
Take up your cross and follow me.

This world is full of care — full of sorrow and despair,
Help your brother bear his burdens along the way.
Be helpful, kind, and true, this is work that you can do;
Take up your cross and follow me.

Though the way be long and drear,
Fill your heart with song and cheer,
This will help the sorrowing ones along the way.

Keep the straight and narrow way,
Never from this pathway stray,
Take up your cross and follow me.

Though your cross be hard to bear,
I with you your cross will share,
I will help you bear your cross along the way.
At last, beyond the stars you'll see
And in Heaven you will be,
To live through all Eternity.

In fancy I see the man of Galilee,
As he climbed the hill to Calvary.
He was perfect — he was sinless,
Yet he had a cross to bear,
He died upon the cross that you a crown may wear.

A Summer Day

Strolling through the wildwood on a summer day,
Flowers and tangled wildwood all along the way,
Wild birds sweetly singing in the trees above,
Thrills of joyous gladness fill their little throats
As they warble their joyous happy notes.
Strolling through the wildwood, oh, what joy it gives,
To stroll through the wildwood, on a day like this.
Modest little violets strewn along the way
Fill my heart with gladness on this glorious summer
day.

Strolling through the wildwood, oh, what joy to see
The shimmering, gleaming little brooks,
With their silver glow
All along the wildwood, as on and on I go.

Spring Time

After the cold of winter
With joy we welcome the spring;
It brings new hope and gladness
To every living thing.

Joyous happy springtime,
It fills our hearts with cheer
To see the buds and flowers
In the springtime of the year.
Buds bursting forth in beauty,
In colors glowing bright,
After the snow of winter
Fills us with delight.

And the happy little birds, —
Merrily they sing
For the warmth and sunshine.
Joy to them it brings.
Up among the apple trees,
With blossoms sweet and fair,
These happy little songsters live
In this fragrance-laden air.

Easter Lilies

On that first Easter dawn
Jesus' disciples came early to
The tomb — to mourn and pray.
Lo! behold an empty tomb.
Death forever had passed away,
Life had triumphed over death,
Christ had risen with the dawning of the day.

In the early morning light
White-winged angels rolled the stone away
And placed within the empty
Tomb lilies pure and white.

So pure, so white and spotless,
And within each perfumed cup
They found — a crown of gold,
Each lily pointed in the air
As if to tell His disciples that
He had risen there.

On every Easter morning as long
As life shall last, fragrant
Easter lilies will remind us of the past,
Of Christ the risen Savior,
Who on that first Easter dawn,
Brought hope of life eternal to all mankind.

Fragrant Easter lilies, white-winged
Angels brought them down to fill
All hearts with gladness on that first Easter dawn,
And placed within each
Perfumed cup a golden crown.

The Old Apple Tree

In memory I go back to my childhood,
Back where I once did play,
Back to the green fields and daisies,
Back where I once did stray.

I see in the distance the orchard,
The stream with its shimmer and gleam,
The sunshine, the birds, and wild flowers,
The meadow with its carpet of green.

On this stream, with its clear rippling water,
A boat and a small girl I see,
Paddling over the water,
To swing in the old apple tree.

I see the wide-spreading branches,
With apples all red from the sun's golden glow,
The swing swaying the branches
And sending the apples below.

In memory my childhood days
Are very dear to me,
My joyous happy childhood,
The swing, and the old apple tree.

Could I have but one wish in this world fulfilled,
I am very sure it would be,
That I might go back to my childhood,
And swing in the old apple tree.

The Babe of Bethlehem

In far-off Bethlehem on a Christmas morn,
In a lowly manger a little babe was born.
A little babe of promise
God sent from his home above
To make this old world better
And fill all hearts with love.

This little babe of Bethlehem
That the wise men from afar
Was guided to this lowly manger
By a bright and shining star.
A star of wondrous beauty — a star of shining light —
Guided these wise men through the long and silent night.

These wise men from that far-off land
Brought presents for this babe,
And knelt beside this lowly manger,
Where this babe of promise lay,

And they bowed their heads in worship
And their hearts were filled with cheer,
For they knew that in this presence
God was very near.

In fancy I see his gentle mother
Bending o'er this manger bed,
While a radiance like the sunlight
Shines around this baby's head
As she sings a low sweet lullaby
O'er this baby's manger bed.

On every Christmas morning as long as time shall last,
This little babe of Bethlehem will live from out the past.
This little babe of promise
God sent from his home above
To make this old world better,
And fill all hearts with love.

Santa Claus

Santa Claus comes once a year,
He comes in the night, softly, silently comes,
With his reindeer and sleigh-load of toys
When little folks are abed and asleep,
Santa Claus comes with his sleigh-load of toys.

Little brown eyes and little blue eyes
Try to keep awake on Christmas eve,
For Santa they would like to see;
But the sand-man comes, with his magic wand,
Santa Claus finds every child asleep when he arrives
With his reindeer and sleigh-load of toys.

There are bugles and drums in his
Sleigh-load of toys — sleds, skates and
Dolls by the score and goodies
Of all kinds for Christmas day
For each good little boy and girl.

Silently he mounts to the chimney-top
And silently drops to the floor;
He fills each little stocking he
Finds hanging up until it will hold no more.

Then up the chimney he goes as
Noiselessly as he came down,
He jumps to his seat in the sleigh
And hurriedly rides away,
For Santa Claus has much work
To do before the morning dawns.
Over all the world he rides every Christmas eve,
With his reindeer and sleigh-load of toys.

The Fairies

Every child dreams of fairy-land,
Where fairies romp and play.
In dreams children see the fairies,
With the dawn they fade away.
Fairies live in dream-land
All through childhood days.

At night, when children are abed and asleep,
And the moon and stars shine bright,
Out from their hiding-places come
These little fairies at night.

Fairies roam at night in fields of green,
Among wild flowers with blossoms bright.
These little fairies of childhood dreams
Vanish in the morning light.

No one knows where the fairies live,
In dreams fairies never tell.

Children believe fairy-land
Is near sparkling streams
And in beautiful shady dells.

Childhood days pass and
Fairy-land with the fairies fades away,
But in memory forever will live
These merry little elfs of childhood dreams, —
The fairies of childhood days.

The Man in the Moon

Beautiful moon in the Heaven so high
With your moonbeams of shimmering light,
When shadows of darkness cover the earth
Shining in splendor and light.

Moon, moon, bright shining moon,
As I gaze at your beauty on high,
In memory I go back to my childhood
And to the man in the moon in the sky.

I was told a man lived in the moon
And this beautiful light on high
Was a light from a lamp kept burning
By the man in the moon in the sky.

On moonlight nights in my childhood days
I would look for the man in the moon.
At times I imagined I could see this man,
This man with his bright shining light.

No fairy tale of my childhood days
Ever seemed as wonderful to me
As the man in the moon
With his bright shining light,
The man in the moon in the sky.

Childhood days have passed,
But the man in the moon
In memory forever will last,
The man in the moon with his bright shining light,
The man in the moon in the sky.

Sweet Clover Blossoms

Sweet clover blossoms,
That the summertime grows,
In the green grassy meadows,
Through the sunshiny days,
Filling the meadows with their bloom
And the air with sweet perfume.

O, what joy for me in my childhood days,
To roam through the meadows green,
Among pink and white clover blossoms bright
That everywhere in the meadows bloomed.

Sweet clover blossoms
And sunshine days,
Meadows green, where clover blossoms grow.
In the morning light clover blossoms bright
Glisten with drops of dew.

Whenever I see clover blossoms
I thrill with pleasure and delight.
My childhood comes back
And I roam again through meadows green
Among sweet clover blossoms bright.

Life

God is life and the source of all life.
Scientists hope to solve the mystery of life,
But up to the present time
Are no nearer than in ages past;
We only know that God is life.

Life, with its joy and pleasure,
Life, with its sorrow and care,
To be alive is to be happy or unhappy;
You may travel this wide world over,
You will find this is true everywhere.

In this life every human being strives for happiness,
Happiness is the song of hope.
Hope cheers those who are weary,
In the belief in a fairer to-morrow
That may dawn bright and beautiful.

God is wise not to place our
Whole future before us at once;

Never allow yourself to become
Discouraged with the disappointments of life.
Life's trials will not last forever,
Somewhere the sun will shine through.

Study life, utilize to the full every
Gift with which God endowed you.
Life is a mystery unfathomable as the deep;
We live, we die, and the soul
Takes its flight to that realm beyond the sky.

Beautiful Roses

Roses, beautiful roses,
Roses so sweet, so fair,
Filling the earth with beauty,
And with fragrance the air.

Roses, beautiful roses,
With colors so lovely and bright, —
Beautiful, fragrant roses,
That fill all hearts with delight.

Roses, beautiful roses,
Your mission is to cheer
The lonely and sad, making each heart glad
That the roses and sunshine are here.

Roses, beautiful roses,
When I go to that land over there,
I know I shall find the roses,
Blooming everywhere.

Deeds of Kindness

Scatter deeds of kindness all along your way
That will blossom into beauty for others on their way.
Don't wait until to-morrow,
Scatter deeds of kindness every day.

Heads are bowed with heavy burdens all along your way,
Hearts are breaking with grief and sorrow every day,
Help with kindly word or deed whenever there is need,
Scatter deeds of kindness every day.

The poor, oppressed, and lowly
You will find along your way.
Life for them means just existence as they go their
lonely way,
Little deeds of kindness will bring brightness on their
way,
Scatter deeds of kindness every day.

These deeds of kindness scattered all along your way
In helpfulness to others will come back to you some
day;

These little deeds of kindness,
These little words of cheer,
Given to the poor and lowly
To make their life less drear.

Then scatter deeds of kindness
All along your way.
It will make your own life brighter
If you scatter deeds of kindness
In the spirit of Him who said:
"As you did it unto the least
Of these you have done it unto me."

Stars in Your Crown

Will there be any stars in your crown
When you reach that other shore,
When your work on earth is o'er —
Will there be any stars in your crown?

Every bright shining star God gives
Is for service and kindness here below.
When you lay your burdens down and receive a crown,
Will there be any stars in your crown?

In his service be faithful and true,
And God will be waiting for you
In that land where all is bright,
With a starry crown of light,
God will be waiting for you.

The God of Love

I reject all preaching and teaching
That is filled with a revengeful God —
The God I love and worship is the God of love.

The God of love is ever near,
I hear his voice, I have no fear.
In accents mild I hear him say,
“I will lead you all the way.”

The God of love I cannot see
But in everything his love I see.
His life of love for all were given,
That all may share the joy of Heaven.

God opens wide the gates of Heaven
That all may enter in.
He says to the weak and sinful,
“I will cleanse you from all sin.”

The God of love fills heaven and earth,
His benefits for all are the same.
God's love is everlasting
And will last through eternity.

France

Through the awful carnage of war —
France's heroic deeds of sacrifice
Gleams glorious and bright,
Illuminating the darkness with light.

France's record of the past
Is filled with deeds of kindly service free
And in sacrifice sublime.

From out that awful conflict
France stands unconquered and free,
Tragic in her glory,
Triumphant in victory.

France, we give thee the honor,
The honor of all Americans to thee;
For service and sacrifice for others,
We give all the glory to thee.

France will arise victorious
From the destruction and ruin of war,
Waving her tricolored banner
Over a land of peace and liberty.

For France and all the nations of the earth
The dawn is breaking bright;
The dawn of everlasting peace
Is shining clear and bright.

A Berryng Party

I was invited to go berryng
With a Doctor and his wife. Of all the
Berryng parties I have ever enjoyed, this
Was the one of my life.
As soon as we had started, the rain
Commenced to fall, and the road
That led to that berry patch, none worse can I recall.

Leaving the car by the roadside,
We had to walk to the berry patch.
We inquired the distance of a man
We passed; he replied, " Only a half-
Mile; it's right up there, you see.
We walked and we walked and walked;
I believe it was fully three.

The Doctor's wife wore khaki bloomers —
Not much style about them;
All right in a berry patch,
Where the bushes grow wild and strong.

I believe they belonged to the
Doctor they were so very wide and long.

At last we reached the berry patch,
A beautiful sight to see; the
Woodland filled with berries
As red, as red could be. We picked
Berries, with the rain gently falling,
Filled our pails and started for home,
Down that half-mile road, with
Mud so thick, anywhere in the
Road we were likely to stick.

The Doctor was joyous and happy,
His pails with nice red berries were filled.
He whistled a tune as he slid
Along down a muddy hill.
As we reached the car he said, "Now we'll soon be
home."
He tried to start it going, — it wouldn't budge an inch.
He worked — and he talked — and
Talked, but I shall never tell
The words he used or the way
He talked to that automobile.

Just then a farmer appeared
On the scene, with a face that beamed with light.
I could see by the look he gave
The car he could see a job in sight.
The Doctor asked, "Have you horses?"
"I have," came the prompt reply.
"Then hitch them up and haul
This car up that mountain high."

The farmer started off for his horses,
With a face that beamed with delight,
While the Doctor kept on working
With all his strength and might.
At last, results. The Doctor springs
To his seat in the car just as the farmer
With his horses came in sight.
He waved his hand to the farmer man and shouted:
"I don't need your horses, my car is all right."

The Submarine

Oh, Jonah, if you only could awake from your slumber
and see

Our modern submarine,
Envious you would be,
To think that while you were on earth,
No submarine had we,
Only a great big fish to ride in,
Under the sea.

In ancient history you are great,
For it's very plain to see
You have the distinction of being the only man
In ancient times to ride under the sea.

And since you ride in that great big fish,
No fish has ever been seen
That could compare in any way
With our modern submarine.

It speeds out o'er the ocean,
Dives like a fish when seen.
For murdering and destruction,
We have the submarine.

Night

When the sun sinks to rest in the golden west,
And shadows of darkness cover earth's light,
All is darkness, the darkness of night.

All is darkness until out from the sky
There gleams a light of beauty bright —
The moon with its bright shining rays.

Then one by one the stars gleam bright,
Stars of beauty, stars of light —
Out from the darkness of the night
Shine these beautiful stars of light.

One by one the stars disappear,
And the moon rays grow dim,
The shadows of night grow lighter,
In the east the sky grows brighter,
And we greet the morning light.

The Red Cross

Red Cross workers give their service
In answer to the call
Of the poor, the ill, and dying.
Red Cross service is free for all.

These faithful Red Cross workers
Are helping others bear
Their trials and their burdens
In this world of strife and care,
Giving cheerful, kindly service
Whenever there is need,
And going ever forward
Wherever duty leads.

In that awful conflict raging
In that land over the sea,
After each battle
Red Cross workers there will be
On the field of battle working for humanity,
Giving aid to the wounded and dying soldiers,

With pity and kindness for all
Who fall in that awful struggle,
Who have answered their last bugle call.

After the smoke of battle,
These fallen heroes fear
Death alone on the battle field,
With only the enemy near.
When over their failing vision
There gleams a ray of light,
And out from the awful darkness
There shines a Red Cross bright.

These faithful Red Cross workers,
With their Red Cross gleaming bright, —
To the wounded and dying soldiers
It shines like a star at night.

May every Red Cross worker
When called to that home over there,
For their faithful service to mankind
Have a crown of light to wear.
May this crown of light have a Red Cross bright,
That will shine forevermore!

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